

Love You In Another Space And Time by Yuri4Gwen

Series: [Only Worth Living If Somebody Is Loving You \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Abusive Neil Hargrove, Alpha Billy Hargrove, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Begging, Billy And Mrs Harrington Have A Good Relationship, Billy Hargrove Calls Steve Harrington Pet Names, Billy Hargrove Lives, Billy Hargrove Loves Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove Redemption, Billy's Fantasies, Body Horror, Bottom Steve Harrington, Canon-Typical Violence, Confessions, Confrontations, Daddy Kink, Depressed Billy Hargrove, Dirty Talk, Disassociation, Dom/sub Undertones, Guilt Ridden Billy Hargrove, Horror, Hurt Billy Hargrove, Injury Recovery, Insecurity, Kidnapping, Knotting, Lifeguard Billy Hargrove, M/M, Manhandling, Murder, Obsessive Behavior, Omega Steve Harrington, POV Billy Hargrove, Possessive Behavior, Possessive Billy Hargrove, Rimming, Sad Billy Hargrove, Sad Steve Harrington, Scars, Season/Series 03, Self-Lubrication, Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer Possessing Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington Loves Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington's Scoops Ahoy Uniform, Supportive Mrs Harrington, The Void, Top Billy Hargrove, painful memories

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove is heartbroken after his confrontation with Steve but something much darker lies in wait, what will become of him now?

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Author's Note:

My Tumblr for my stories if you want to say Hi
[Edith-Moonshadow](#)

Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

When Steve decided to leave the Harrington's house it became unbearable for Billy to be there, he felt even more miserable than he had after the incident at the Byers house. His father's old malicious streak that had mostly been hiding behind sweet smiles to Mrs Harrington and politely asking Steve about his day had started to resurface. His eyes were dark with fury; he walked with an angry tension in his shoulders and the only thing faster than his temper was his fists.

Billy had become complacent over their time at the Harrington's; he'd fully let his guard down too distracted by Steve to remember what his previous life had been like. In all that time his father hadn't become any softer, it almost seemed that he'd honed his muscles, become like a blunt rock that was used to beat Billy into submission for all his mistakes.

And to his father Billy had made plenty, he'd fucked up his relationship with Steve, he'd fucked up his father's relationship with Mrs Harrington and now they were on borrowed time. Time dragged slowly for Billy as he drowned in his heartache and guilt for how things had gone with Steve.

His father didn't know the extent of Billy's emotional pain and he honestly didn't think that if he did it would make any difference, his father had to suffer so he was going to make Billy suffer too. He was glad he didn't know about Steve because he imagined if he did he'd use that against him too, destroying what little self-worth he had left. All the days bled into one another, each a day in a monotonous, tension-filled hell that never seemed to end.

Shortly after their confrontation, Steve had announced to his mother that he wanted to learn some responsibility so he had found a minimum wage job and he was moving out causing Billy's heart to stop dead in his chest. Mrs Harrington was shaken by this turn of events and over the next few days tried desperately to change his mind but he was resolute in his decision. Steve barely spent any time at the house anymore and after their last conversation, he made sure that he was never alone with Billy.

Their parents hadn't been away from the house in weeks while his mom had nursed him back to health and it didn't seem as though they were leaving any time soon. Billy was so desperate to talk to Steve that he could practically taste it, it coated his tongue with an acrid bitter taste but he never had the chance as Steve would just look at him with sadness shining in his eyes and he'd lose his nerve.

Within a week of his announcement, Steve's mom had accepted his decision but she convinced him to remain at the house until after Christmas then she bought him an apartment somewhere in town. Billy with a heavy heart had to accept it too hoping that once Steve had calmed down a little he'd be more willing to listen. Even in his darkest moments, he knew that Steve was so embedded within him that he felt him soul deep. He knew that even if it killed him he'd make it up to him one day.

He felt so alone, the house felt cold and empty without Steve. Even worse than that practically every part of the house reminded him of their time together, they'd spent so much time alone in the house, lost in each other. He felt like he was living in a perpetual nightmare where Steve's sad eyes followed him everywhere within the walls of the house.

Shortly after Steve moved out things got even worse. Billy had been working out all morning desperately trying to clear his head of all the dark thoughts that plagued his mind these days. He was on his way to his room to have a long hot shower when he heard Mrs Harrington's raised voice and he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Carlotta..."

"No, this isn't working.... I understand that my reasons for you being

here were pragmatic, you were a great companion for me so I didn't have to travel alone and I wanted you to be a good example for my son so that he could grow into the person I knew he could be but he's growing all on his own."

"I have been a good example why do you think Steve's..."

"...I've seen the kind of parent you are and you have nothing to do with my son's emotional growth."

Billy silently moved away from the door, he didn't need to hear anymore he'd known from his dad's fragile mood that a big change was coming. His father had stormed from the house and Billy had sat in his room feeling completely numb from shock. He couldn't leave Hawkins now, he couldn't leave Steve, he knew that it would feel like he was leaving a huge part of himself behind and he didn't think he'd survive the separation.

He frantically tried to think of ways that he could stay, he'd get a job, he'd find somewhere to live. He jumped up from the bed and started to pace as his mind cycled through all the things he needed when there was a knock on his door. Then Mrs Harrington's serene face came into view.

"Hi, Billy Honey."

"Mrs Harrington."

"You can call me Carlotta."

She smiled softly at him then came into the room.

"I just wanted to talk to you for a moment if that's ok?"

Billy nodded as he felt a lump forming in his throat choking him.

"I've asked your dad to leave as I don't want him here anymore, I'm so sorry Billy...I...I should have done this sooner but I was so preoccupied with Steve but it's no excuse, I hope you can forgive me."

Billy tried to answer her but he could feel his throat constrict further

as tears came to his eyes and his face burned in humiliation. He could feel his stomach twist with dread as he awaited her next words.

“I also wanted you to know that you’ll always have a home here and I sincerely hope you’ll stay here with me...I worry about you and I just want you to be happy.”

Shock and guilt shot through him, he couldn’t believe that she would want him to stay around didn’t she know that he was a complete and utter fuck up? She also didn’t know the full story surrounding Steve and he knew if she ever found out she’d hate him as much as she seemed to hate his dad and he felt sick to his stomach.

Mrs Harrington’s face softened when she saw his reaction, she’d read him as shocked and grateful so she walked up to him and pulled him into a hug and to his shame he squeezed her tight and tried to hide his watery eyes.

Billy didn’t move, he barely breathed on the day that his father moved out of the Harrington’s home. He tried to make himself as insignificant as possible as he was filled with dread at the prospect of him insisting that Billy goes with him. He knew his dad well, he wouldn’t want to suffer alone and he’d need an outlet for his frustrations so that he could continue to present his friendly facade to the outside world.

Things would be tough for him this time around as he’d lost a potential wife, job, house and fortune so Billy knew that he’d be feeling particularly fragile and it had been a long time since he was alone with all that desperation and pain. His father would mourn for the lost opportunities that would have set him up for life and Billy would bear the brunt of all that anguish.

He lay in his bed so still that he imagined that he ceased to exist, that his dad would believe that his son was gone and he was alone now. Shortly before he left he heard Mrs Harrington’s voice raised and shrill, it was always shocking to hear her speak this way as she was a

woman who never had to ask twice and spoke softly as a result. Her power and strength didn't reside within her physicality and she knew how to get what she wanted without force so she never exerted it in the ways that his father lived by.

After all this time he still found it strange that Mrs Harrington had picked his father, she surely had plenty of options and together they were like sugar and salt. He worried for a moment that in his father's desperation he had attacked her and Billy was going to have to face up to a lot of painful memories to defend her but he couldn't sit by and let her be hurt. Then he heard her say his name, she spat it out at his father and he realised that she didn't need his help; she was helping him so he went back to oblivion.

Billy haunted the Harrington's house for a few weeks after that, his days consisted of working out, listening to music, reading and watching TV. He couldn't face returning to school and with Mrs Harrington's help he changed to home-schooling so that he could graduate, he had good grades and didn't want to be a failure in everything when he realised that he was missing so much school, it was also a helpful distraction from his everyday life.

He went back to feeling numb once the finality of his father's absence sunk in and Mrs Harrington who'd watched over him like a hawk finally had to return to the family business. He did everything he could think of to keep his mind occupied so that he wouldn't think about Steve but it was impossible, he was everywhere in this house, the memories of him bled out onto everything that Billy could see, touch and smell. He tried so hard to stay self-contained but the first time that Mrs Harrington had left on a business trip he had ended up feeling so alone that against his better judgement he wandered into Steve's room.

Steve had left a lot of things behind which wasn't too surprising as his room didn't seem to contain a lot of his personality in the first place. It had always looked like Steve had opened a magazine and seen the room fully formed and decided that it would be perfect as it

looked like a suitable bedroom for someone his age. If you wanted to know the real Steve you had to dig a little deeper much like Steve himself, he always put up a front of what he thought people wanted but if you chipped away at that exterior there were many layers to him.

The room was neat and clean, the bed made as though his mom expected him to come home at any minute but Billy knew that as long as he was there he never would. He walked over to his dresser and pulled it open surprised to see rows of sweaters including a deep green one that he knew Steve favoured when the nights started to chill with the approaching fall.

He tried to resist but he looked towards the window and that fateful day with Steve came unbidden to his mind. 'If Nancy had been an...' he forced his mind to go blank even as he saw the pain in Steve's eyes, he never wanted to hear that ever again the painful memory of those words as they echoed in this room made him pull the jumper out and push it up against his face.

He took a deep shuddering breath and even though it was faint he could smell Steve's scent embedded in the fibres as he walked over to his bed and curled up with the jumper for the night. Once he'd braved his room once Billy found himself indulging in this shameful secret every time Mrs Harrington left on business.

After a few months Billy felt like the house had shrunk to the size of a shoebox, it felt so constricting and claustrophobic and boredom made him feel like a zombie. Mrs Harrington had started to get a slightly haunted look when she looked at him and she tried to encourage him to go outside but the world outside held little appeal to Billy in truth it scared him, he felt conflicted in wanting to see Steve and wanting to give him time to realise that they should be together.

Then Mrs Harrington came to him one day with pain in her voice. She had become convinced that she'd forced Billy to stay with her

and she was wracked with guilt and he decided that enough was enough. He tried to act more content and eventually started going for runs every night around the neighbourhood, he started cooking small meals for them both and for the first time in a long time he went into Hawkins to buy some new clothes.

He started taking care of his car again and at least a few times a week he left the house to go for a long drive to clear his head. Finally, the haunted look left Mrs Harrington's eyes and she told him that she was there if he ever needed to talk about anything, he told her he would and tried desperately to mean it.

After a short while of venturing outside, he decided a job would be a good thing to help him occupy his time while he figured out how to mend things with Steve so he went into Hawkins and discovered that they were looking for lifeguards for the community pool. He was a strong swimmer due to all his time spent on the beach when he was younger, plus he knew first aid and was fit and healthy, he was hired on the spot.

At the pool he could feel the weight of many interested stares, it felt like physical caresses on his skin in a way that made him feel exposed. It was strangely comforting as the one thing he'd always been sure of was his ability to attract other people but it just made his pain over Steve more pronounced.

His curiosity over where Steve had gone became too strong once he'd started leaving the house and from listening to the other kids working at the pool he learned that Steve had recently been hired by an ice cream place in the new star court mall and he couldn't help himself.

Every day before or after his shift at the pool he would stop by the mall to watch Steve in his little sailor uniform scooping ice cream. He felt the jealousy twist under his skin as he watched Steve bat his eyelashes at every girl who seemed to frequent the place.

He could feel his teeth ache at seeing his lithe body in a deep blue

sailor outfit with shorts so tight that it verged on obscene. The worst part of all was seeing him interact with the girl who worked alongside him, they seemed to have built up some kind of relationship and he felt his stomach bubble with anger that some girl he didn't know got to have a free and easy relationship with him while Billy had to stand across the mall just to catch a glimpse.

His frustration would fester inside him until he finally had to go to work where he would try to work through it by exerting the little control he had over the people at the pool. It was at times like these that the heavy lustful stares of the women who sat by the pool desperate for even a scrap of his attention helped alleviate his frustration by stroking his ego.

It particularly tickled him that front and centre amongst these women was Mrs Wheeler he could see her from across the pool panting after him like a bitch in heat. There was a perverse part of him that wanted to fuck her, fuck her so good that she'd smell like him for days no matter how many baths she took and sweet sainted Nancy would have to face up to what she had become. Then the disgust at himself would set in, he didn't want to break up a family no matter how angry he was and if he did something like that he knew that Steve would never forgive him.

After a long day at the pool he wondered what would happen if he just walked into scoops ahoy, would Steve acknowledge him? Would he smile at him the same way Billy had seen him do for weeks now with all his female customers?

He couldn't help zoning out by the pool thinking about cool refreshing ice cream after a hot sticky day by the pool, he would walk into the shop in just his lifeguard shorts and Steve's big eyes would open in shock as he took in Billy's more defined physique, he'd been working out so much since Steve left and all his time by the pool had helped deepen his golden tan.

His body would have a fine layer of sweat on it from being outside all day helping to further define his muscles. Steve would bite his lip as he remembered how easy it was for Billy to manhandle him in the past, the feeling of his hand as it bounced off his ass, the warm hard muscle of his body as he lay atop him and all that power in his thighs

as he took Steve apart with his cock. He could remember how Steve trembled below him; he loved how much control Billy exerted over him when they were alone.

Steve would try to act unaffected but his slightly shallow breathing and a soft flush to his face would give his true feelings away. Then Billy would smirk at him as he asked him what the best ice cream was enjoying Steve's flustered stuttering as he tried to talk about ice cream while Billy devoured him with his eyes. Then when Steve passed him the cone their fingers would brush as they made eye contact.

A small child screamed across the pool as someone picked her up and Billy blew his whistle annoyed that his daydream had been stolen from him. It irked him all the more because he knew that he could dream all he wanted but he knew that tomorrow after his shift he was going to be standing in the shadows outside scoops ahoy admiring Steve from afar and feeling frozen by indecision.

That night he decided that he needed to get out of the house for a while, just get in his car and drive around Hawkins. There wasn't much to see but the house was beginning to feel suffocating and lonely, Mrs Harrington was going to be away until the end of the week. He got into his car, turned on some music and just drove. He decided to stay away from the main town so that he could be completely alone and work through some of his thoughts from that day. He felt so angry with himself that he couldn't just approach Steve, what he really needed was a game plan.

They had both done things that had hurt the other and he was still so frustrated with himself that he'd let his fear overcome him and he'd attacked Steve in that way. Steve's bloodied face came unbidden to his mind and he had to close his eyes for a split second to try and push it away, he could feel the fear that he was going to become his father claw its way up his throat and he had to fight back the tears he could feel forming in his eyes when suddenly something hit the windscreen shattering it and causing him to lose control of the car.

He tried desperately to regain control but it spun out only stopping when it crashed into something knocking his head against the dashboard. He opened his eyes, what felt like seconds later and tried to move but all the muscles in his upper body were coiled tight and ached then he felt a sharp stabbing pain in his head. He groaned when he touched his forehead only for his fingers to return covered in blood. He fell from the car feeling disorientated, what the hell happened to the windscreen?

When he checked it there was a streak of thick sludge and he tried to think about what could have left that behind and shattered his windscreen. He was struggling to concentrate, he looked around him but he couldn't pinpoint where he was. It just looked like a dark lonely road near some abandoned buildings. He staggered back over to his car but it didn't look like it was going anywhere anytime soon. How was he going to get home from here with no car?

His anger was stopped dead in its tracks when he heard something skitter past him, it didn't sound like an animal more like a person had run past him. Did someone do this on purpose? Were they deliberately fucking with him? His anger flashed through him so quickly that he felt his head spin and the pain in his head became more pronounced, he was going to kill whoever thought they could do this to him and get away with it.

Suddenly something wrapped around his ankle and with great strength dragged him over the dry dusty ground, the friction biting at his legs and stomach as he was pulled into the building. He tried so hard to resist but he was no match for whatever had him, he flailed desperately trying to hold on to anything, his fingers ached as he caught a door frame but in the end, he was still dragged into the depths of the building.

He floated in an in-between state in the cold, dark and dusty basement of the abandoned building. Time ceased to have any meaning; it could have been minutes or hours when he finally came back to full consciousness realising that something was covering his

nose and mouth muffling the scream that escaped from him before he pulled strength from deep within himself and ripped it from his face. His skin felt raw and bruised as he ran on shaky legs from the building, feeling completely disoriented and frozen with fear. He jumped into his car and floored it; he just wanted to put as much space between himself and whatever was back there.

A little further down the road he happened upon a phone box and he pulled in, he felt his heart hammering in his head and he could barely breathe, he just felt like he needed someone to help him. Just as the operator answered on the other end the light above his head started to flicker and Billy could feel a prickling break out over the back of his neck and descend his back. The air turned icy cold and his lungs felt like someone was squeezing them from the inside when he noticed the crowd that had gathered just a little down the road. Terror gripped him as he tried to find out what was happening.

“What do you want?”

His voice sounded shaky and scared to him, he hated the desperate whine to it, it only reminded him of things from his past when a scared child had begged his father to leave his mother alone. One of the shadowy figures approached him and he tried to stop himself from shaking but as the figure entered the light he thought his knees were going to give out completely.

It was him, standing in the road blocking his way and talking with a weird voice that didn't sound human. What it said didn't make sense either, it wanted to build, build what? Billy's lungs constricted even further as he struggled to comprehend what was happening, his mind started to become hazy and he could feel the panic building.

Billy awoke on a gasp with the sounds from the pool becoming so overwhelming with the sun beating down on him making him feel like his head was about to explode. He leaned back in his chair in an attempt to escape the sun's harsh rays hoping the small amount of shade would ease his pain. What a strange dream, he wondered what

had caused his mind to conjure that up.

Sudden burning pain in his elbow made him take a steadying breath, had he gotten sunburned from falling asleep in the sun? He honestly didn't think it got hot enough in Hawkins for that to be the case; he could deepen his tan by being in the sun all day but never burn. He pulled his elbow up to see how bad it was and was shocked to see that his skin was torn and bloodied, it looked more like a severe chemical burn than sunburn.

He staggered his way from the chair towards the showers, now that he was fully awake the sun felt like it was so close beating down on his skin making him sweat and sapping all his energy from him. He heard someone calling his name but his desperate need for cold water made their voice sound as though it were echoing from the bottom of a very deep well.

The cold water hit his skin and he felt like an ant under a sadistic kid's magnifying glass under the blazing sun. He pulled his arm up closer, black thick lines like vines under his skin, creeping and burning. He watched them spread with morbid fascination then brought a shaking hand up to touch them.

He felt fear grip his heart as he worried about what his skin would feel like, would his skin part when his finger touched it? Would it make it spread further? When as soon as he touched it pain shot through his head making his knees buckle as images that he didn't understand seared through his mind. He cried out in anguish as his panic increased, what was happening to him? Heather's concerned face appeared before him, the shrieking ravenous craving in his mind and then nothing.

He carried her into the abandoned building, it was calling for her, and it needed her to build. He felt cold, his mind only thought about the task at hand, he could feel it's intentions and it needed materials to build, this was now her purpose. Inside he felt a little frisson of fear, the last time he was here how he'd felt, the terror of the

unknown, struggling to breathe and crawling away on unsteady legs before he gained the strength to run.

Outside he was calm and cool, he carried her with no difficulty laying her down gently on the cold floor, she looked up at him with large fearful eyes as she whimpered and struggled and he leaned down to reassure her.

“Don’t be afraid, it’ll be over soon.... just stay very still”

He then moved away and waited until it came, it had grown since he was last here, taking up so much space as it advanced. She screamed, so loud as though someone would hear her then her loud screaming was muffled as the creature took her too.

Steve’s posture stiffened as Billy slowly emerged from the shadows; Steve squinted into the darkness then visibly relaxed.

“Billy?”

“Hello, Princess.”

“What are you doing here?”

Billy didn’t answer, he just continued walking towards Steve until he could see the small amount of light behind the store in his eyes. Steve moved back slightly but he didn’t pull away completely, Billy thought he could detect a hint of concern in his eyes.

“You ok?”

Billy stared deep into his eyes as he moved even closer.

“I know it’s none of my business but my mom was saying that you’ve been spending a lot of time on your own since your dad...and uh I just wanted to make sure you were ok.”

“Care about me all of a sudden?”

Steve sighed softly and looked at the ground.

“Billy...I...”

Billy wasn't sure what made him take the last few steps towards Steve; it could have been the uncertainty in his voice or the fact that he seemed to be concerned about Billy's wellbeing. He walked right up into his personal space and when Steve looked up at him in surprise he pushed his mouth up against his.

It wasn't a particularly forceful kiss, it was barely even a kiss more just their lips touching. There was a tense moment where neither of them moved, just breathed softly against each other until Steve leaned back a fraction and opened his mouth and Billy wasted no time in devouring him. He felt like he couldn't breathe, his body began to shake as his heart hammered in his chest, He was touching Steve a thing he truly believed he would never get to do again and even now he was terrified that he would fuck this up.

He pushed his shaking hand up under Steve's top and on his hip, squeezing the slightly cool skin in his too hot hand as he felt Steve quiver.

Steve moaned softly into his mouth like he was a small dying animal and Billy pressed his shaking body up against his crushing Steve into the wall behind him. He could feel that old familiar hunger within him growing as the kiss deepened, he brought his hand up into Steve's hair so that he could pull him even deeper into the kiss.

There was something else there too, another hunger, it was sharper, crueller and it's depths knew no end. Billy could feel it under his skin, it wasn't tinged with the warm love he felt, the scorching lust or the bone-deep need that Steve had ignited within him. It felt cold, like an empty void that needed something, someone like Steve to feed off, a beautiful little sacrifice to appease.

With great difficulty, Billy pulled away from a panting Steve who held onto him with his fingers digging deep into Billy's shoulders. That dark void pulled him back to Steve with a magnetic like force and Billy leaned in once more to capture Steve's lips. He looked up at the last second and in the semi-darkness, he saw Steve's slightly

flushed face, his closed over eyes and his parted lips and he pulled away with a force so strong that Steve stumbled slightly and fell against the wall.

That dark hunger was crawling under his skin like a nest of cockroaches, all crawling over each other desperate to reach Steve who shone like a golden sacrifice in the sewer of Hawkins, a shining light at the end of the tunnel, a way for evil to escape back into the light. Billy was scared of these feelings, he'd always hungered for Steve but even when it had mostly been lust it had never felt so dirty and wrong, why was he so determined to destroy Steve?

That was never what he wanted, he knew what he wanted but he'd let his darker side destroy that before and he couldn't go through that again. He jumped when he felt Steve's gentle fingers on his arm.

"Billy?"

Steve's fingers felt like four car lighters pushed into his skin, little shocks of burning heat causing him to forcefully pull his arm away.

"What's wrong?"

The clear concern he could hear in Steve's voice made him want to turn and pull him close, explain that something was wrong, his mind felt so dark and full of horror, of shadowy creatures that wanted to crawl back out in the light and devour everything they saw in their path but he couldn't. He could feel the hunger for Steve salivating at the prospect of him so he did the only thing he could think of and ran. He ran as fast as he could far away from Steve's scared cries for him, back out into the darkness against the hunger until his lungs burned and his muscles had turned to jelly.

The hunger did not abate however Steve was what it wanted above everything else but it would take others in the meantime and he was too exhausted to fight against it when he found himself at Heather's house.

Mrs Holloway's tinkling laughter rang out through the room as she laughed at Billy's little aside; he smiled warmly at her while taking another mouthful of food. Music played softly in the background of the warmly lit room as the smell of freshly baked cookies wafted in. Heather appeared at the door with the cookies on a tray and offered one to her mother with a gentle smile on her face. Shortly after she fell to the floor dead when the poison made its way through her bloodstream and her father followed shortly after when a bottle collided with his head.

They brought them back to the abandoned building, back to the cold, dark basement, back to the creature. He could feel himself becoming more and more distant each time he visited this cold, dreary place, the darkness within his mind obscuring everything within him that could be considered warm, loving and human with an inky blackness that placed him in a void-like place.

Time moved so slowly as he sat in this cold space devoid of everything except Billy and his memories, and he was trapped and alone watching everything play out like a horror movie with his face. He could feel the darkness that crept under his skin and invaded his mind spreading, like a virus and taking a little more control every time he went to the place where the creature resided. Soon it would be in control completely and he would then be assimilated and become one with it, then he would finally cease to exist.

Steve's bonding gland bulged under the thin skin at his neck; it seemed to thrum along with his heartbeat and Billy's teeth ached. He leaned down to inhale his scent until he felt slightly drunk on it, it felt like it had been too long and he'd had to live on the faint scent from the sweaters that he'd left behind. Steve had left many things behind including Billy; he felt a little anger diluting the desire he felt, a slithering under his skin becoming excited at the fury that burned there. He licked over the gland feeling himself relax slightly at Steve's small whimper, he needed more proof of Steve's need for him something, anything to help alleviate the cold, hard rejection he felt.

He scraped his teeth teasingly over it causing Steve to shudder as he tipped his head to the side allowing Billy more room and he settled a little. He could still hear the concern from Steve the other day, how he surrendered to him the same way he always did and the coolness of his skin.

The hunger within him grew to unbearable levels; he could feel it slithering under his skin, crawling all through his body and through to his teeth and he increased the pressure of his teeth just a fraction so that he could feel the skin pulled taut across the gland. He sucked it more into his mouth pushing his tongue against it, wondering how much more pressure he would need to place on it for it to finally break.

“B-Billy...Billy please...”

“What do you need Princess?”

Steve looked at him with pleading eyes.

“Please...please...”

He felt a rush at the power that he was still able to have over Steve even after all this time. He leaned down to capture Steve lips just to feel his trembling against him before he returned once more to the gland admiring how pink the skin had become under his teeth.

“Alpha...Alpha...”

“Don’t worry Baby, Daddy’s going to take care of you.”

He ran his fingers over Steve’s slightly clammy skin from his chest up to his arms and wrapped them around his wrists, pinning them above his head in one hand. With the other, he reached under the bed and pulled out the rope while he distracted Steve with another breath-taking kiss.

The hunger within him twisted, slipping deep down in the pit of his stomach creating an unpleasant cold slimy feeling that made him feel nauseous as he tied the rope around his wrists. Steve tried to pull his arms away but Billy was always stronger than him.

“Billy?”

He didn't answer him, just pulled the rope taught until Steve's skin turned stark white against it as he struggled to no avail. Billy moved down to do the same to his ankles leaving him completely at his mercy then as Steve opened his mouth to scream he shoved his underwear in filling his mouth and muffling his shouts of confusion.

Steve's sad confused eyes stared at Billy the whole way to the creature, he could see that he hoped that Billy would stop what he was doing but it was too late, he'd abandoned him just like everyone else and those actions had consequences, Billy couldn't help him any more.

Steve put up a fight when they reached the building but he was too weak and therefore ended up in the same place as everyone else it wanted. He placed him gently on the ground then reached forward and pulled the underwear free from his mouth and Steve immediately started trying to bargain with him.

“Billy what's happening....please speak to me I don't understand...”

The creature started to emerge from the darkness and Steve turned towards the shadows with a haunted look in his eye.

“No... it can't...Billy please...please don't do this...”

Billy felt nothing but the cold empty void. Steve looked towards him but Billy didn't even meet his eye he just waited for the creature to finally take Steve, he had a new purpose just like Billy one day they would be together again.

Steve started to scream, loud blood-curdling screams that were sure to hurt his throat, they niggled something in the back of Billy's mind, he remembered a time when Steve's face was bruised and bloody and he awoke in the night flinching at every shadow until Billy held him close.

As the creature moved closer Steve tried desperately to shuffle away from it closer to Billy but the creature grabbed him, wrapping its long vines sinuously around his legs and pulling him closer until it

finally covered his face and Steve's sounds of anguish were muted.

Billy awoke on a gasp in Steve's bed with his sweater beside him on the pillow; the room was dark and cold. He couldn't get a full breath into his lungs as his mind raced. He tried to remember if he'd been out of the house that day; he thought about everything he'd done that he could remember. He couldn't see through the thick dark cloud in his mind, where had he been? He ran his hand down his face and felt the dampness on his skin and he wasn't sure if it was sweat or tears as he fell back on the bed exhausted.

He felt so out of control, he wouldn't know until tomorrow if he had hurt Steve or if it was just what the creature craved. He pulled Steve's sweater closer and turned towards the window to wait for the sun to rise knowing that the creature grew stronger every time he brought new materials to it and soon he would become a part of it too.

As the temperature rose Billy could feel himself being able to escape the void, he slowly felt his consciousness trickling back into his mind, as his body grew weak due to the suffocating heat. Burning pain seared across his skin in thick black lines that stole his breath making him fall in agony. The creature was so angry but had been made immobile by the heat and it burned with impotent rage, he could feel it screaming within his mind, its bloodlust increasing as Billy's body was sapped of all strength.

All the guilt about what he may have done to Steve flooded into his mind making his heart feel constricted. He broke down completely as the guilt of everything he'd done to Steve, Heather and countless others all in pursuit of this creature's mission. It had treated him like a puppet, taken his body and used his strength against other people who trusted him or didn't think of him as a threat until it was too late.

He cried out in agony, screaming his anguish about what he'd done to Steve and all the others out into the silent space beyond the door. He felt tears roll down his hot clammy face mingling with the already

uncomfortable sweat to sit heavy on his skin as he took several shuddering breaths. He crawled towards the window in the door seeing a bunch of kids attempting to put on a brave front.

The creature twisted painfully under his skin as it spotted the girl at the front of the group, her dark eyes laser-focused on every move he made. Then from behind them stepped Steve, he looked just the same as he had the other day standing in the dim light at the back of the mall. Billy felt great relief course through him so suddenly that he felt weak with it, Steve stood in front of the children as though protecting them from Billy even though they continued to stand their ground.

Billy wanted so desperately for the door to open, he needed to touch Steve so badly, he wanted to pull him in by his ridiculous hair, feel the cool skin of his neck against his lips as Billy scented him. The creature slithered under his skin as Billy's hunger for Steve fed it's own. More tears fell down his face as he realised that they were both monsters now, he had fed it so many people and he knew in his heart that Steve would never be able to forgive him.

"Steve... I'm so sorry... I didn't want to... It made me...please believe me I'd never want to hurt you...hurt anyone...please I need you...please help me I can't fight it..."

He could hear the children's confused voices but he was so focused on Steve, he just wanted him close. Steve's face remained stoic as he approached the door and Billy placed his hand on the glass desperate for Steve to absolve him, touch him, help him.

When Steve was right up against the glass Billy felt so overwhelmed by sadness and regret that he lost all strength and crumbled down onto the floor looking up at him with pleading eyes while confessions fell from his lips in rapid succession.

Then he felt completely disoriented as the creature threw him back into the void so quickly that he didn't have time to register what was happening before it was too late. He watched in abject horror as the creature donned his face once more and broke its way out of the door throwing Steve to the side while it advanced on the kids but it was no match for the little girl with the dark eyes.

He couldn't keep track in all the chaos to see what happened to Steve but after the creature returned to its building he was tormented with images of Steve's blank face, his eyes unseeing as his body melted down into a shockingly red mass then disappeared inside the creature, nothing more than a sum of its parts. Falling to the same fate as everyone else he'd given to it. Billy stopped fighting, what little humanity he had left died with him and the creature's control became absolute.

He stayed in the void letting his bittersweet memories wash over him, he could hear the echoes of what the creature acted out, he could feel it's anger and frustration but the only time he felt connected to it was when it was weak. Billy waited, the time would come when he would finally cease to exist, part of him wanted time to move faster.

Then he felt a disturbance in the stillness of the void, someone else was here they were shifting through the painful memories of his past, his childhood in California, his mom abandoning him and finally Steve, Billy falling for him only to watch Steve start to slip away before Billy's jealousy destroyed everything. He could feel that they were looking for something, it wasn't him they were searching for but it.

It was the dark-eyed girl she was determined to find it, he could feel his own emotions coming to the surface as the memories of the two people he'd loved in his life played out, a sad film on a continuous loop. As he grew more despondent he could feel the creature wake up and take notice until it finally saw her. Billy felt overwhelmed by a great sadness as he felt the seething anger that it felt towards her, how much hatred, how it wanted to wreak havoc on the world. He could see how hungry it was for chaos, to consume everything in its path until there was nothing left and it was determined to start with her.

Finally, the creature had what it wanted; it had assimilated enough materials until it was an intimidating size as big as the mall, huge and terrifying. Using Billy's body it had the girl she was in its clutches and soon she too would be gone. Then from seemingly nowhere bright flashes of light exploded in the sky as sharp hot painful pinpoints shot across the body of the creature forcing it to fall back. A soft hand on his face made him realise that he had control of his body once more looking down at her kind face as she echoed back things from his memories tinged with love.

"Billy!"

He looked away from the girl towards the scared sounding voice, he knew that voice he'd recognise anywhere he'd heard it whimper in pleasure and go hard with anger but it couldn't be. The creature had shown him Steve dying, he was a part of it now. He moved closer towards the voice and there was Steve, he was dishevelled, his face bloodied, swollen and he was slightly out of breath as he moved towards Billy. He wanted to believe that it was true but the creature had shown him so he turned to go back. He was startled when he felt a hand grip his shoulder and turn him around.

"Billy...please..."

Billy was so confused had he done this to Steve? He couldn't be sure of what he'd done over the last several days as he felt the exhaustion creeping back in when Steve pulled him close. He wove his fingers into Billy's hair and forced his face into his neck. Steve's scent washed over him as he brought his hands up and dug his fingers deep into Steve's shoulder as he took deep shuddering breaths.

Billy closed his eyes to savour Steve's scent and everything else faded away as his mind transported him back to the Harrington's house, they were alone in Steve's room laying on the bed so close together that Billy's body heat seeped into Steve. Billy had run his fingers gently over Steve's soft skin in the warm emerging sunlight pouring in through the window and felt content, he couldn't remember if he'd ever felt content but it was a wonderful freeing feeling. Steve had turned over in his sleep and snuggled up to him, he pushed his nose

up against his neck and closed his eyes knowing he would do anything in the world for this. Anything for Steve because he knew that he loved him.

Billy was pulled from his thoughts when he realised that a deathly silence had settled as the fireworks stopped and he could feel the creature's anger flare up once more. He felt dread settle deep in his stomach as he could feel what its intentions were and he pulled away from Steve, who tried to hold on but Billy was stronger. He barely got there in time to stop it from grabbing at the girl; if it got her then everything was lost. He didn't have the energy to scream, to beg them to get away but he hoped that they took the time that he would buy them to do so.

He could hear Steve's anguished cries behind him then the creature stabbed another vine into his side, he could feel it pushing its way into his body the pain so extreme that he ceased to breathe as it spread through him like a virus. He grit his teeth and held on with all his might but he could feel his arm shaking as the pain in his side spread up into his shoulders. He felt like all his muscles were turning to jelly as the creature screamed in its fury, Billy could barely think anymore as the pain clouded his mind.

Then there was nothing, just a deep empty void. Billy truly believed that the creature had finally absorbed him and his heroic dream of sacrificing himself so that Steve could live had all been a lie. He had killed him just as he feared he had, Steve was gone and now Billy was finally one with the monster. He hated being in the void. It was so lonely, cold and dark he found it hard to remember anything good in there, only the painful memories as he assumed he'd slowly become one with it until he was devoid of everything.

Then he woke up in a hospital bed with a constant beeping, an antiseptic scent hung in the air and most surprising Steve sleeping peacefully in the chair beside his bed, his hand lying on top of the covers as though he were reaching out for Billy in his dreams.

He felt like his entire body had been torn apart then put back together slightly off centre. He'd never been so thirsty or tired in his life and for several days all he did was fall asleep to the sound of Steve's voice no matter how hard he fought against it and woke up to his gentle scent.

Then the nightmares came, he was alone in the void, darkness all around the whispers of what he had become, what he needed to do. More was needed to feed the creature; it was a fathomless pit always hungry. Nothing Billy ever did was enough, it demanded more sacrifices to satiate its hunger and more than anything it wanted Steve.

Billy saw the surprised Horror on Steve's face as Billy finally broke down and embraced the monster he'd become feeding it the one thing that tied him to humanity so that he would be its slave forever. Now he was alone in the void, a mere shell of what he once was reliving all the horrific things he'd done.

He'd wake up screaming until his throat bled, all his muscles pulled tight as the pain in his side throbbed. The shadows in the room would be long, consuming then Steve would pull him close and murmur gentle reassurances until his scent, the heat and weight of his body would convince Billy that he was still here, that he had somehow beat the monster and survived, without sacrificing Steve.

Finally, he got to leave the hospital. It felt so strange to be outside in the slightly cooling air, the scent of antiseptic fading from his nose and Steve's fingers pressing into his arm with a soft smile upon his lips. It was a truly surreal experience to go from the hospital back to the Harrington's house, a place that he never thought he'd set foot in again.

He still struggled day to day with the pain that his body had endured during his time under the creature's influence. He needed help in the first few weeks to get up from his bed, get dressed and washed. Steve continued to look after him much the same as he had in the hospital, which he was grateful for, but he couldn't help feeling ashamed too.

Partially because he went from being independent to mostly dependent on Steve and he hated being vulnerable in that way, the

last time he had this level of dependency on another person it had been his mom and that hadn't ended well.

He also hated Steve seeing him like this, when their relationship had started Steve was the one who needed a guiding hand and Billy was the dominant one, taking care of Steve's needs, a role he felt much more comfortable in. Also, he had once been a strong, powerful Alpha, someone Steve could look at in awe.

Now his once smooth golden skin was marred by lines that looked like ugly silver-grey vines that spread over his skin like scars from a ravenous disease, all the places where the creature had burrowed under his skin amplifying all the ugly parts of him, his jealousy, his insecurities. Looking at them reminded him of all the terrible things he'd done.

Once he'd recovered enough to be able to get dressed and washed on his own he never went outside without them fully covered, he remembered a time when he enjoyed the stares people gave to his physique it had made him feel wanted in a way that felt good, he was good for something even if it was only lust and sexual gratification.

He remembered how Steve had originally reacted when they'd briefly interacted on his driveway when he'd first arrived, he'd seen his eyes widen slightly when he'd first taken Billy in and how hard it had been to restrain himself when he'd first lived in the Harrington house and teasing Steve by walking around shirtless and invading his personal space just to hear his little gasps and smell the interest in his scent. It had been an ego boost, he knew he was good at getting people to want him but now that was gone.

He still worked out desperate to keep his body strong and fit and sometimes it felt like the only way to clear his head was to blast loud music and lift weights, he almost felt like his old self. But he always kept a shirt on even when it stuck uncomfortably to his skin until he felt slightly suffocated he didn't want to see his own body or worse for Steve to see it even though he knew that he knew the full extent of the damage, he wanted him to forget.

The only time he was naked was to shower and he tried to be as quick as possible, barely wanting to touch the slightly raised lines he

could feel over his back, his arms and the large uneven terrain of his side.

He waited with dread deep in the pit of his stomach for the night to fall every day as he was convinced that Steve would slowly move away from him. He still came to him every night just as he had done in the hospital but for how much longer?

He'd practically been glued to his side the entire time while he recovered but he couldn't help but feel that Steve felt guilty because Billy had practically sacrificed himself for him those old feelings from before hadn't just vanished. He had told him plainly and to his face that if another Alpha had been available he would have left Billy in a heartbeat and the hardest part of the whole situation was that Billy didn't blame him. What did he have to offer Steve? Maybe in the past it could have been his ability to be a good Alpha, he was strong, protective, he knew he could satisfy all his wants and needs but now?

He could still feel the skin on his side pull tight with pain when he lifted his weights, he could barely do half the lifts he previously had. He was terrified he felt like he was ten years old and waiting on that inevitable moment when his father had finally had enough and he would brace himself for the beating that he knew was coming, not knowing how long it would last, how much it would hurt or if he'd even survive.

Only his father wasn't here, he was long gone with his wounded pride, bitter that he'd been so close to the comfortable life he craved but had fucked it all up due to his anger and frustration. Billy feared more than anything that he would end up the same only his wants were different, he wanted Steve, he didn't care about the money, the business, the property any of it.

He'd found something more valuable but like everything else, he'd fucked it up. The only thing giving him hope was that Steve didn't pull away after they came back from the hospital. If anything he slowly moved closer, he moved back in, he stayed by his side, he gave him space and every night he held him.

Billy felt so conflicted Steve was beautiful, rich, loyal and he'd matured from the bratty teenager that Billy had first encountered to

someone who other people looked to for guidance, friendship and support. He knew that Steve could have anyone so why would he settle for Billy who was so damaged. The closer Steve moved the more barriers Billy built between them, he'd used clothes, his weights even angry words but Steve remained and Billy became more frustrated, he didn't want to lose him but he couldn't live the rest of his life waiting for the final blow to his heart.

Everything eventually became too much and he snapped late one night when the house had that eerie late-night quality where everything feels heightened and forbidding. Steve had been lying beside him for the last several hours just dozing and Billy felt comforted by his presence and the gentle sound of his breathing but then he rolled over and in his sleep snuggled up against Billy's side. He tried to relax and just let it happen but he felt pressure over the deepest of his still-healing scars and suddenly he couldn't breathe and he pulled harshly away causing Steve to awaken with a bewildered look in his eyes.

"Billy?"

"Yeah?"

"Sorry I must have fallen in my sleep, it just startled me..."

He moved closer again and Billy grit his teeth against the tears he could feel forming and his mind was filled with all the ugly things he'd been thinking over the past several months, how worthless he'd become, his ugliness now on the outside for the world to see, how Steve was only here due to guilt and someday soon he was going to try and let Billy down gently only to break his heart into a million pieces and he'd have to leave Hawkins a shell of what he'd once been and he knew that would be the end of him.

He stood abruptly from the bed wrapping the sweater that clung to his skin more tightly around himself turning away from the bed as he couldn't bear to see Steve's face at this moment. He heard Steve shift uncomfortably on the bed then his voice which sounded so small and uncertain.

"Are you ok?"

Billy desperately wanted to live in this lie for a little longer, to stay quiet let Steve just think that it was only physical pain that he felt just get to believe that he had Steve's love for just a short time more but he couldn't. Living like this was slowly killing him, he knew the truth was going to hurt so much but at least it would be over.

He felt his heartbeat start to hammer in his ears, his lungs felt like they were shrivelling up in his chest while his mouth became so dry that it took him a few moments to get the words out.

"Why are you with me?"

In the short silence that followed he wanted to turn and see Steve's face but he didn't have the strength to do so.

"I'm with you because I want to be with you."

Billy hung his head and tried to gather the strength to say what he needed to say.

"You could have anyone..."

"I don't want anyone I want you..."

Anger burned under his skin so hot that he felt himself sweating, he turned towards Steve with it burning in his eyes.

"That's not what you said in the past."

Steve's face fell slightly and he looked down at the bed with shame in his eyes. A heavy silence descended over them and he wished he'd just stayed quiet, he wasn't ready to let go.

"Just leave."

Steve looked up startled.

"No please, I..."

Billy hadn't used his Alpha voice in a long time but he did now, if Steve didn't leave Billy was afraid that he was going to completely break down.

“Now.”

He could see Steve trying to fight against it but their bond was all but cemented outside of a bite so he eventually lost the battle within himself but Billy couldn't sleep that night due to the mixture of hurt and betrayal he could see in his eyes. Instead, he lay awake in a half-dazed state wondering what would become of him. He knew that Steve would be determined to continue this conversation so he lay in the dark and tried to build a wall around his heart.

He managed to successfully avoid Steve for about a day which was nothing short of a miracle but he got no relief from his mind, all the scenarios of how this could end. All he saw was heartache and sadness. Then finally Steve came into his room, he walked in with purpose, locking the door behind him and looking Billy straight in the eye.

“Please talk to me...I know that what we have to talk about isn't going to be easy but we need to talk, at least I need to...I can't stand to think of you not knowing how I feel...”

Billy walked over towards the bed and sat down, he didn't think he was going to have the strength to stand for this conversation. Steve stood in front of him only a few feet away looking uncertain but determined.

“Billy you have no idea how scared I was, that that thing had got you and I thought you were dead and...”

Billy felt his heart sink. Steve didn't know that the creature was just amplifying what Billy already was, he was an ugly, jealous monster inside so broken by everything that he'd endured in his life, it was just a mirror to the world. He took a deep breath.

“You don't understand I... f-fed... people to it”

“No, you weren't yourself...”

“But it must have sensed something in me...”

“No, you were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

"How can you be so sure?"

"You're my Alpha, I know you..."

Without warning Steve climbed onto his lap, Billy couldn't help stiffening slightly as having Steve so near was making him feel lightheaded.

"I'm so sorry that I ever said that I was so scared and angry but I was wrong too...you're my Alpha I don't want anyone else but you...all this time has been hell for me without you I had to fight against myself every day not to just come back home and see you, be near you then everything with the Russians and the mall...my heart froze when I saw you there...I knew something was wrong the last time I saw you but I got so caught up in everything...then the hospital I haven't been so scared since..."

Billy could see tears in his eyes but Steve blinked past them as he stared deep into his eyes.

"I'd do anything to prevent what happened to you."

"It wasn't your fault."

Steve curled slightly in on himself as he fidgeted on Billy's lap.

"I should have warned you but I thought if you didn't know you would be safe, why am I so stupid?"

Billy wrapped his arms around Steve's waist and with a little difficulty pulled him fully onto his chest. He wanted to keep Steve close and comfort him as best he could. He didn't want Steve to have any guilt about what had happened, Billy had plenty of baggage the creature had only scratched the surface it had discovered his anguish at what had transpired between them and exploited that weakness for its gain but that had little to with Steve it was Billy's guilt and loneliness that screamed out from within him, it was only answering the call.

"I've learned an important lesson from all of this, how important communication is with people you love."

Billy swallowed hard.

" I thought that if I didn't tell you about the upside-down you'd remain blissfully unaware and safe but that was both selfish and stupid of me... I should have told you that was the best way to protect you."

Billy squeezed Steve hard.

" Maybe if I'd known I could have helped you, protected you better but if we're being honest it was my jealousy that ruined things between us."

Steve pulled back to look Billy in the eye.

"I'm sorry about what I said before, it's never been true..."

"No, I hurt you... I..."

"No I was in the wrong too, I was keeping things from you and even worse I was falling in love with someone else."

Billy broke eye contact as his jaw tightened even now he felt the remnant of his old ugly jealousy rear its head, he didn't foresee a future where the mention of Steve loving Wheeler wouldn't have that reaction.

"I'm sorry that I pushed you away... that I thought I needed someone else to learn and grow as a person..."

Steve leaned in again and gave Billy several gentle kisses until he looked back up.

"I couldn't remain the person I was, I needed to grow but it made me realise a really important thing that I don't know if I would have realised on my own at least not as quickly."

Billy held his breath as he felt fear start to invade his mind.

"I love you."

Billy's entire face went lax as the shock of that statement flowed

through him before it quickly melted away to indescribable joy, he wanted to say and do so many things but went with his gut and pulled Steve into a breath-taking kiss. When they broke apart Billy clung to Steve for the rest of the night sharing gentle kisses and soft endearments until they finally gave in to sleep.

Contentment returned to Billy's life with Steve's declaration, they continued to spend all their free time together and affection became free and easy between them. They continued to talk about everything, sometimes it was difficult Billy would feel his frustration rising and sometimes it led to arguments but they learned to talk it through when they'd calmed down.

It took Billy longer than he would have liked to realise that they were just a normal couple spending time together, eating together and sleeping in the same bed. At first, he thought they still had to hide it from Mrs Harrington when Steve walked into the kitchen one early morning and kissed him softly on the lips in front of her. Billy had glanced at her in surprise only for her to smile warmly at him, he found out later that Steve had told her when Billy was unconscious in the hospital and she was happy for them.

The only problem for Billy was that his old hunger for Steve had returned, he craved him daily but when opportunities would arise for them Billy would feel his fears return and he'd turn away from Steve. He could see the hurt starting to bleed into Steve's eyes but he didn't know what to do. The hunger and jealousy he'd felt before had eventually been corrupted and used against him by the creature and he still felt the remnants of that.

A few weeks after they had discussed their relationship they were laying on Steve's bed, it was a quiet night just the two of them in the house. The only light in the room was from a bedside lamp while Steve lay with his head on Billy's chest. They had spent the afternoon together having dinner and watching TV, just happy to be in each other's company.

Billy was starting to doze to the gentle sound of Steve's breathing when he felt Steve's fingers running over his side, they fluttered over his skin until he felt them dance around the edge of the large still healing scar. Billy flinched slightly but Steve only stopped for a moment before he continued, his fingers sliding down to skim over Billy's hip. Billy shivered at the feeling of his slightly cool fingers running softly over his heated skin. Steve suddenly moved up straddling Billy on the bed, Billy looked up at him in shock.

"Need something Pretty Boy?"

A pout formed on Steve's face as he looked down at Billy then he leaned down and kissed Billy passionately on the mouth and Billy got completely lost in Steve sitting up fully and wrapping his arms around him.

Things turned heated very quickly as Billy pulled Steve more securely against him, it had been so long since he'd last had Steve, felt him trembling against him as Billy took him over and over until his hunger was satiated. More than anything he wanted to feel Steve's body squeezing his cock until it had been milked dry, it had been too long. He wanted to erase all the recent horror by filling Steve with so much pleasure that his mind would be full of Billy and his lips would only cry his name. He had to close his eyes and take a steadying breath to regain his composure.

Steve wanted them to communicate better and Billy only wanted them to continue to grow together, Steve had become everything to him and he couldn't bear to lose him now that they were finally working everything out. He pulled back from Steve to look him in the eye hoping to convey that he was serious about this.

"Tell me what you need, Sweetheart."

Steve smiled softly.

"Just you...."

"I'm afraid that I'll hurt you."

"You won't but if we do hurt each other we'll talk about it and fix it..."

There's no more secrets or lies, only us."

"I love you so much... I..."

His voice broke a little and he looked up at Steve as his face softened even further as he smiled gently at him.

"I love you too..."

Steve kissed him again and this time he ran his fingers into Billy's hair, across his scalp as he deepened the kiss and Billy felt himself being swept away by all the feelings inside him.

"Fuck Billy I need you so much."

"You can have me anytime you want."

Steve bit his lip hard.

"Can I daddy?"

Billy took a steadying breath, he wanted Steve too but recent events truly made him afraid of the darkness within him, he knew when it came to Steve there was an insatiable appetite for everything and he was afraid that it would swallow Steve whole.

He wanted Steve to submit to him completely, for everything else in Steve's life to fade away until only Billy and his desire for him remained but what if he hurt him? What if Steve didn't want that? It's possible he only played along because that's what Billy wanted but those feelings became like black holes within him, dark, deep and fathomless.

"Don't say that."

Confusion overcame Steve's face.

"What?"

"I know I started it but if you call me that it's going to bring out all the possessive feelings and the jealousy inside me and I'm not sure that's what you want."

"Billy, why did you think I used to go crazy when you went all dominant possessive Alpha on me?"

Billy sighed.

"I dunno what if I was manipulating you somehow."

"Are you serious? I was an asshole back then but how many people do you think I ended up ass up over their laps calling them daddy as they spanked me into submission?"

A growl came unbidden to Billy's lips which caused a delighted smile on Steve's. He straddled Billy more securely and sucked his bottom lip slowly into his mouth as he seemed to contemplate his next move. He leaned down towards Billy's face and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Am I a bad boy for wanting daddy's cock?"

Billy could feel his control slipping but fear still kept him frozen. Steve studied him for a few moments before he slowly ran his hands down Billy's chest.

"We can stop anytime you want ok?"

Billy nodded and Steve slowly undid the buttons on his shirt before running his fingers softly over the skin of his chest. He glanced at him then moved his fingers down to Billy's side causing him to flinch slightly, when Steve looked at him again he gave him a reassuring smile.

It was still difficult to be reminded of what happened, he couldn't help the fear that the ragged skin of his scar was ugly and would repulse Steve. He couldn't help but gasp when Steve leaned forward and touched the centre of it with his lips before he started to lick over it softly causing Billy to tremble.

Steve kissed his way up his chest as he slowly pulled Billy's shirt off then he nuzzled his way down his arms over the silvery lines left behind by the creature. Billy bit his lip as he felt Steve's tongue trace over the roadmap of scars left in his flesh, all the places the creature had been, being claimed by Steve's mouth. He kissed his way back up

to his ear, his breath so hot making Billy shudder.

“Please Daddy...I need you...”

Billy didn't think he just reacted, flipping them over so that Steve ended up below him on the bed with his arms above his head, Billy squeezing them in his hands. He captured his mouth in a brutal kiss before licking his way down to Steve's throat, his heart hammering in his head and his mouth watered when Steve whimpered and moved his head to the side, his smooth skin pulled tautly and Billy wanted to mark it with his mouth. He couldn't resist it anymore he leaned down and started licking over his skin until he found the bonding gland sucking it into his mouth and scraping his teeth over it, feeling Steve's moans through his skin.

He pulled back desperate to see Steve's face, he wanted to see the desire in his eyes but he froze when his attention was caught by how white the skin of Steve's wrists had turned under Billy's hands. Steve's scared face flashed through his mind, Billy emotionlessly dragging him from the car while the rope bit into his flesh but all he could feel was the desire of the creature. He jumped when he felt Steve's gentle hand on the side of his face, he looked down at him with wide eyes.

“Billy?”

He took a deep breath then leaned down to softly kiss Steve who wrapped his arms around Billy's shoulders. He kissed Steve long and slow, centring himself and taking comfort in the feeling of Steve against him. Sometimes memories from the summer still intruded into his mind, the fear that he was being tricked that this was all fake still haunted him. Having Steve close and letting his scent wash over him until he felt more grounded. He pulled back to Steve's smiling flushed face.

Steve watched him carefully for a few moments then sat up slightly so that he could pull his shirt off then he leaned forward to kiss Billy again before kissing his way down his throat. Billy pushed his fingers into Steve's hair encouraging him to explore. He shuddered at the feeling of his lapping tongue and hot breath creating gooseflesh to break out across his skin. He could feel Steve's fingers clumsily

undoing his jeans while softly stroking over the bulge tenting the front of them driving Billy wild.

Steve smiled at him with a glint in his eye before dipping his fingers inside his slightly cool fingertips stroking over Billy's hot flesh. A growl came unbidden to Billy's throat and he pushed Steve back down on the bed and quickly divested him of the rest of his clothes. Steve looked up at him with heat in his eyes before he spread his legs wide, the slick on his thighs shone in the light from the bedside lamp.

Billy grit his teeth against the arousal that was buzzing under his skin, he grabbed one of Steve's legs and brought it up and onto his shoulder. He could see the slick escaping from Steve as he pushed his index finger into him feeling him opening up. Steve threw his head back and groaned loudly making Billy's blood heat further. He'd soon moved up to two fingers the feeling of Steve's body squeezing them while Steve bucked his hips.

"Fuck Daddy...your fingers feel so good..."

Billy leaned down spreading Steve open with his fingers while he pushed his tongue into his hole. The taste of Steve exploded across his tongue causing him to moan loudly in his skin.

"Please...please... I want it... I need it... please..."

Billy couldn't take it anymore he needed Steve, it had been too long and his dick was so hard it was verging on painful. He pulled back from Steve then leaned back to pull his cock fully out of his jeans. Then he pinned Steve back down on the bed guiding his hard cock into Steve while he whimpered and wrapped his legs around Billy's waist. Billy started a steady rhythm leaning back down to Steve's neck licking over his bonding gland feeling the ache in his teeth. He groaned when he felt Steve's fingers in his hair encouraging him. He scraped his teeth over the little gland just to feel Steve shudder then he growled into his clammy skin.

"Show Daddy how much you want it, Princess..."

"Alpha..."

Steve's breathless 'Alpha' made Billy fall forward as his knot formed so quickly that he didn't have time to think about it before they were tied together as Steve shook and came all over his stomach. He took a few minutes to work through his orgasm before he pulled back slightly to look at Steve's flushed face. His eyes were so soft and he leaned up slightly and Billy met him halfway in an all-consuming affectionate kiss.

Billy inhaled Steve's soothing scent as he placed a soft, lingering kiss on his jaw before he pulled back and gave his hand a gentle squeeze as he pulled him towards the video store. Spring was slowly heating back up into summer and he'd finally convinced Steve that they needed a quiet night just the two of them watching a film away from everyone else. Steve gave him a soft smile and squeezed his hand back. The sun glinted off the thin gold chain peeking out from just under Steve's collar and Billy felt elation. For a long time, the necklace had sat gathering dust under his bed in its tattered and worn Christmas wrapping as even thinking about it made him think of the painful rejection he'd suffered.

Now he was glad that he'd held on to it, hope had settled deep within him but where at one time it had made him feel ashamed now it was a tangible reality and the necklace was a reminder of that. Steve had been so happy to receive it and he wore it always, it glinted beautifully against his skin highlighting the deep red scar on his neck that Billy's teeth ached to bite. He would worry the ragged flesh between his teeth while Steve moaned and squirmed.

"What film do you want, Princess?"

Steve shrugged.

"I was thinking maybe a comedy?"

"Don't you need a sense of humour to enjoy those?"

Steve smiled at him and he could see that mischievous little glint in

his eye and he realised that it wasn't going to be a quiet night after all. Steve was so getting it tonight, the little brat.